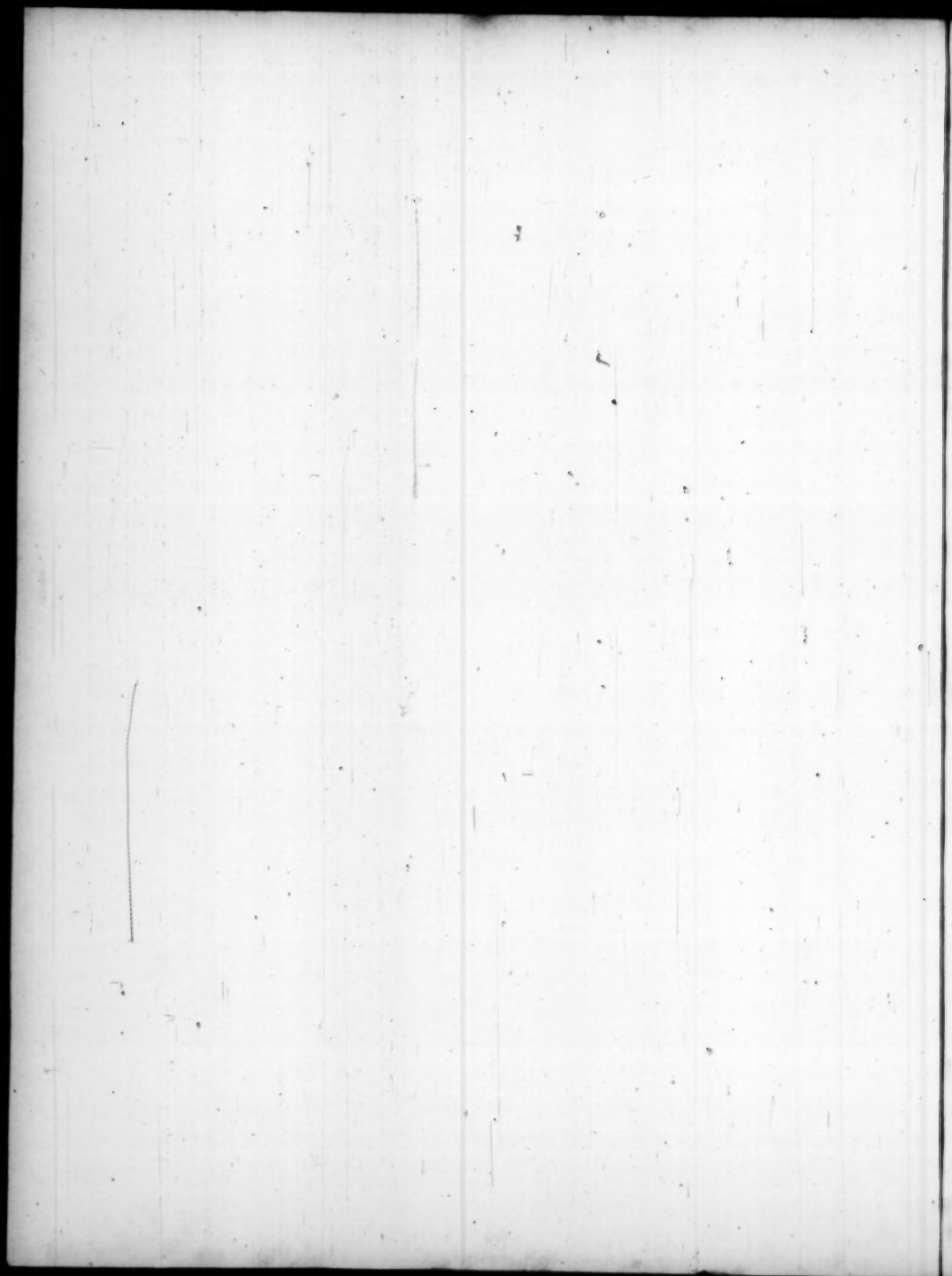


[i]
A
SONG
FOR
The Kings Birth Day.

Being the Fourth of November.

Composed by Dr. Nicholas Staggins,
Master of His Majesties Musick.

TO *England's Monarch, Holland's Chief,*
Of *France*, the Terrour, Awe, and Grief,
To *Europe's* Champions Strength, and Stay,
We Sing the Triumphs of this Glorious Day.
The Day which gave him Birth,
And gave to us new Life again;
When *Xerxes* like, but surer He,
In Fetters held our trembling Sea,
That He might free Three Kingdoms from their Chain.
Welcome





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[i]

A

S O N G

F O R

The Kings Birth Day.

Being the Fourth of November.

Composed by Dr. Nicholas Staggins,
Master of His Majesties Musick.

TO *England's Monarch, Holland's Chief,*
Of *France*, the Terrour, Awe, and Grief,
To *Europe's* Champion, Strength, and Stay,
We Sing the Triumphs of this Glorious Day.

The Day which gave him Birth,
And gave to us new Life again;
When *Xerxes* like, but surer He,
In Fetters held our trembling Sea,

That He might free Three Kingdoms from their Chain.

Welcome

Welcome, thrice welcome Royal SIR,
 From the Fatigues and toils of War,
 To these your fostered Isles,
 And to your chaste *ARIA'S* Charms and Smiles,
 The Land Triumphs, her Natives Sing,
 In Winter we possess a Spring,
 And Mirth resounds from every place,
 And Love, and Joy appear in every face.

Awake my Muse, awake my Lyre,
 Try if any Strein be higher;
 Touch at that more lofty Strein,
 Joyn in one harmonious Choir.
 To welcome our *RESTORER* back again.

Silence Lyre, surcease thy Tone,
 Silence Muse, and humbly own;
 All that Sounds and Words can speak,
 All's too little, all's too weak;
 All that Gratitude can shew,
 All that Loyalty can doe,
 All, and more than all is due.

His Royal Vertues far excell,
 All that History can tell;
Cesar's mighty swelling Name,
 Stoops to his more Glorious Fame:
 He came, he saw, he conquer'd too,
 Our *Heroe* did, what he refus'd to doe:
 By *Cesar's* Arms *Rome* lost her Liberty,
 And *Cesar's* Glories are but dimm,
Cesar's, if compar'd to him,
 Who came, and saw, and set us Free.

He weighs not the Grandure, or State of a Crown,
 But aspires to more solid and mighty Renown;
 His forward Attempts on the Land and the Main,
 The Battle o'th' *Boyne*, and a *Flanders* Campaign,
 Shew fully, His Actions were never design'd
 For ought, but the Peace, and the good of Mankind.

And Heavens (we hope) has fresh Crowns in store,
 For those who still can merit more :

For the Moderate and Wise,
 Whom Greatness cannot over-poize;
 For the Generous and Brave,
 Who never Fight to Conquer, but to Save.

Go on Mighty Prince, go on to receive
 All the Trophies that Vertue and Honour can give:
 May the Heavens defend you,
 Success still attend you,
 And Victory wait wheresoever You bend You.
 Both at Home, and Abroad,
 May Your Enemies be Aw'd,
 Till *Europe* with *England* shall joyn in a Chorus,
 And Sing Your loud Praises, and own that 'tis YOU
 (that restore us.

F I N I S.

